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# The Fable of Midas.

*On Duke of Marlborough.*

**M**IDAS, we are in Story told,  
Turn'd ev'ry thing he touch't to Gold:  
He chip't his Bread, the Pieces round  
Glitter'd like Spangles on the Ground:  
A Codling e'er it went his Lip in,  
Would strait become a Golden Pippin:  
He call'd for Drink, you saw him Sup  
Potable Gold in Golden Cup.

His empty Paunch that he might fill;  
He suck't his Vittels thro' a Quill;  
Untouch't it pass't between his Grinders,  
Or't had been happy for Gold-finders.  
He cock't his Hat, you would have said  
Mambrino's Helm adorn'd his Head.  
Whene'er he chanc'd his Hands to lay,  
On Magazine's of Corn or Hay,  
Gold ready Coin'd appear'd, instead  
Of poultry Provender and Bread:

Hence we are by wise Farmers told,  
Old Hay is equal to Old Gold;  
And hence a Critick deep maintains,  
We learn't to weigh our Gold by Grains.

This Fool had got a lucky Hit,  
And People fancy'd he had Wit:  
Two Gods their Skill in Musick try'd,  
And both chose Midas to decide;  
He against Phebus Harp decreed,  
And gave it for Pan's oaten Reed:  
The God of Wit to shew his Grudge,  
Clap't Asses Ears upon the Judge,  
A goodly pair, erect and wide,  
Which he could neither Gild nor hide.

And now the Virtue of his Hands,  
Was lost among Pactolus Sands,  
Against whose Torrent while he Swims,  
The Golden Scurf peels off his Limbs:  
Fame spreads the News, and People travel  
From far, to gather golden Gravel;  
Midas, expos'd to all their Jears,  
Had lost his Art, and kept his Ears.

This

**T**His Tale inclines the gentle Reader;  
To think upon a certain *Leader*,  
To whom from *Midas* down, descends  
That *Virtue* in the *Fingers* ends:  
What else by *Perquisites* are meant,  
By *Pensions*, *Bribes*, and *three per Cent*?  
By *Places* and *Commissions* sold,  
And turning *Dung* it self to *Gold*?  
By starving in the midst of *Store*,  
As *other Midas* did before:

None e'er did modern *Midas* chuse,  
Subject or Patron of his *Muse*,  
But found him thus their *Merit* Scan,  
That *Phebus* must give *Place* to *Pan*:  
He values not the *Poet's* Praise,  
Nor will exchange His *Plumbs* for *Bays*:  
To *Pan* alone rich *Misers* call,  
And there's the *Jest*, for *Pan* is *ALL*:  
Here *English* Wits will be to seek,  
Howe'er, 'tis all one in the *Greek*.

Besides, it plainly now appears,  
Our *Midas* too has *Asses* Ears;  
Where every Fool his Mouth applies,  
And whispers in a thousand *Lies*;  
Such gross *Delusions* could not pass,  
Thro' any Ears but of an *Ass*.

But *Gold* defiles with frequent *Touch*,  
There's nothing *souls* the *Hands* so much:  
And *Scholars* give it for the Cause,  
Of *British* *Midas* dirty *Paws*;  
Which while the *Senate* strove to scower,  
They wash'd away the *Chymick* Power.  
While He his utmost *Strength* apply'd,  
To Swim against this *Popular* Tide,  
The *Golden* Spoils flew off apace,  
Here fell a *Pension*, there a *Place*:  
The *Torrent*, merciless, imbibes  
*Commissions*, *Perquisites*, and *Bribes*,  
By their own *Weight* sunk to the *Bottom*:  
Much good may do 'em that have caught 'um.  
And *Midas* now-neglected stands,  
With *Asses* Ears, and dirty *Hands*,